

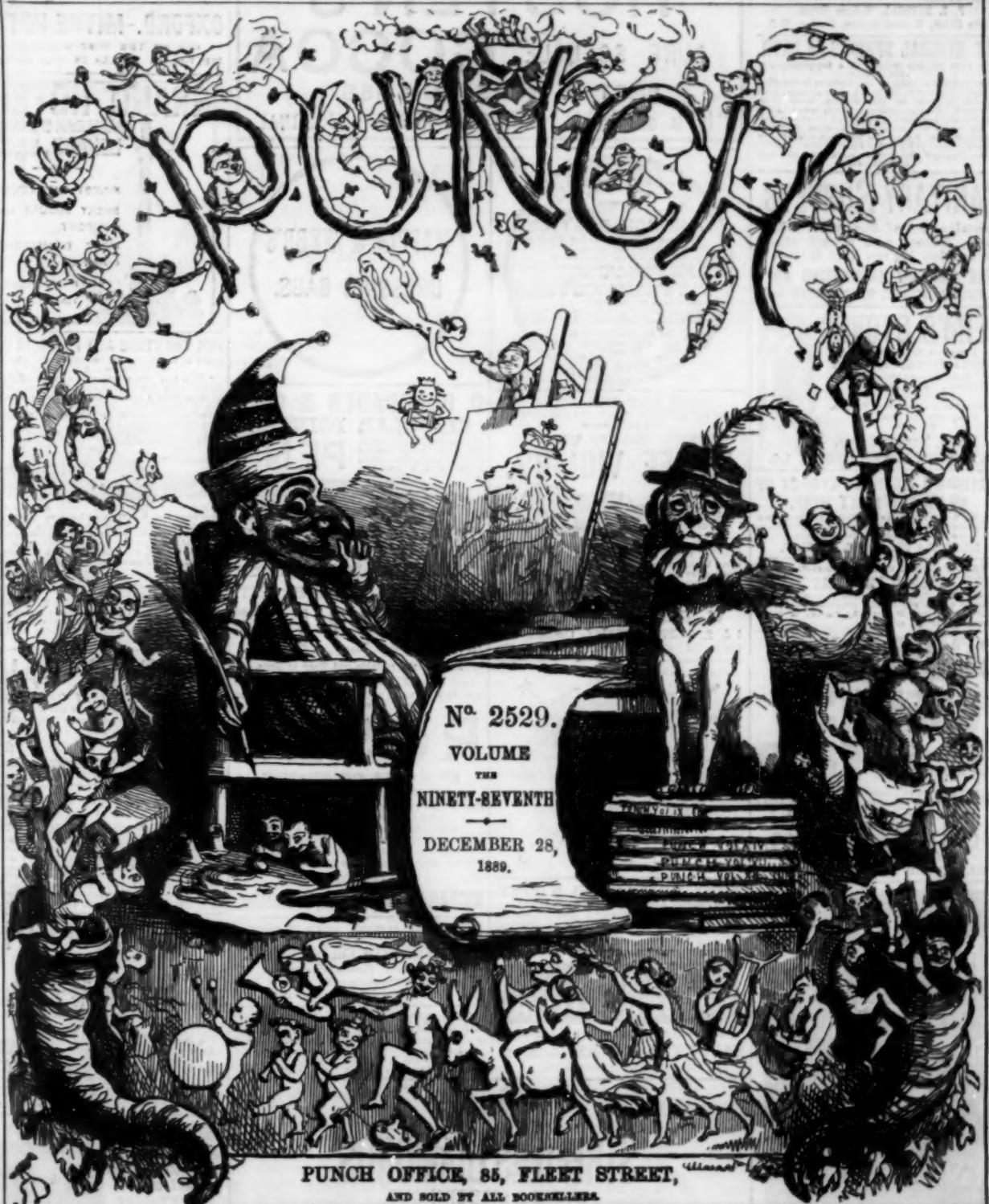
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SORE THROATS CURED IN A FEW HOURS.  
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Book of Receipts and Medicinal Remedy, with each bottle, or four by post on application to

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JUSTICE ABROAD AT HOME—AND AT HOME ABROAD!  
AT HOME.

*SCENE—Interior of a Coroner's Court. Languid audience. Proprietor-responsible-for-death accommodated with a chair.*



*Coroner (concluding speech).* I am sure, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you could not possibly have come to any other conclusion, and I congratulate you upon your verdict. That the accident was purely accidental is self-evident, and if the respected Proprietor might have made regulations causing that accident to be less likely to happen (as your rider would seem to suggest) why, no doubt that fact will have in the future due weight with him. Of course, we must all feel sympathy with the widows and orphans of the deceased, and it is gratifying to think that they will rest satisfied we have done what lays in our power to assist them. I have now much pleasure in declaring this inquiry at an end.

[*Exeunt omnes. Proprietor-responsible-for-death, lolls in his brougham comfortably home to partake of a well-cooked dinner.*

ABROAD.

*SCENE—Interior of a Criminal Court. Excited Audience. Proprietor-responsible-for-death standing in the Dock.*

*Judge (concluding speech).* I am quite sure, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you could not possibly have come to any other conclusion, and I congratulate you upon your verdict. That the so-called accident could have been prevented is self-evident, and it is to be hoped that the lesson you have read to the disgraced and ruined Proprietor will have its due effect. We all sympathise with the widows and orphans for their great loss, but they will be consoled by the thought that, through your action, they have been avenged. The Court stands adjourned.

[*Exeunt omnes. Proprietor-responsible-for-death being carted off to prison, there to undergo a long spell of penal servitude.*

## OLD PUNCHKIEL'S PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1890.

It is with no light heart that Old PUNCHKIEL enters upon his solemn duties of enlightenment and warning. The Stellar voices are less definite this year than he could wish, and he has had the greatest difficulty in making out what the dickens it is they do mean. However, a Prophet that respects himself would scorn to hedge, and Old PUNCHKIEL issues his predictions as usual, merely reminding searchers after truth that stars will play the fool occasionally.

*January.*—*Mars retrograding before Taurus into the 1st House of Saturn* will prove a subject for profound study, for it is certain to be followed by a public inquiry into the efficiency of our Army, which will be the subject of much discussion in the newspapers. Persons engaged in philosophical research or the sale of cat's meat whose birthday anniversary falls on or near the 14th, are warned to beware of over-indulgence in pastry.

*February.*—*The Sun* is with the infertunes, and meets with opposition from *Saturn*, so that little warm or cheerful weather can be expected. The sign *Pisces* rules Putney, Peckham, Peebles, and Little Paddington, and social upheavals of an alarming nature may therefore be expected at all these places, with earthquakes of varying degrees of violence. On or about the 14th, there will be a notable display of Coloured Satirical Portraiture. Persons born on the 29th, in either 1785, 1802, 1841, or 1869 (especially if the Moon was in the second decanate of the sign ♋ at their birth) will have no particular reason for congratulating themselves.

*March.*—At the vernal ingress *Mercury*, progressing in the sign *Gemini*, will bring trouble on Moscow and Margate. At Teddington, the luminaries will be in the midheaven, and the London County Council will accordingly be the scene of intense excitement, personal remarks being freely interchanged. Single ladies, whose birthday anniversary falls on or about the 4th or 5th inst., will obtain heavy damages in any action for breach of promise of marriage, unless born in any year previous to 1842.

*April.*—*Mars* entering into his own lion will create considerable surprise in those unused to such phenomena, and may affect the funds unfavourably on more than one Continental Exchange. The sign *Taurus* rules Ireland, and a further development in Home Rule may be looked for. In the latter part of this month, *Jupiter* becomes stationary in *Cancer*, and afflicts the Beadle of a well-known and popular Arcade, who is warned to beware of shell-fish. The 1st is unfortunate for practical jokers. The 21st is an evil day for hatters

born on or about the 8th of November, whose ascendant, or Moon, held the 14th degree of *Aquarius*; they should have a care of accidents by steam-circuses and tight-ropes.

*May.*—*Saturn* progressing in the meridional degree of West Brompton will render this month memorable in English History. At the new Moon *Mercury* is in the ascendant, accordingly we shall soon hear of an improvement in the weather, and the outbreak of German measles amongst the Ojibbeway Indians. *Saturn* retrograding in ♈ brings trouble on the Emperor of CHINA, who will suffer from a cold in the head. The trade and commerce of Bognor will be considerably augmented. There will be trouble in Tooley Street.

*June.*—*Jupiter* is now in benevolent aspect with the Moon, and forming the trine aspect with the Sun, thereby benefiting Brentford and the Bahamas. In either Boulogne, Westward-Ho, Oban, Tenby, or Timbuctoo, there will be serious *émeutes*, the military having to be called out. Conspirators in Cyprus and the Isle of Wight will become daring. In Kamtschatka, there will be trouble with the Dervishes. Towards the close of the month *Saturn* re-enters the sign *Aries*, and proceeds to disturb and afflict Huntingdonshire, and Westbourne Grove. The Akond of Swat will be in danger.

*July.*—The stationary position of *Venus* on *Scorpio* is of evil omen to all who are fond of sitting out of doors, and *Venus* making a hasty transit to the house of *Virgo*, occults the Moon and brings disaster upon many popular places of entertainment. *Neptune* also afflicts persons at the seaside who go out in sailing vessels immediately after lunch. *Saturn* is in quartile with *Mars*, which infortune is about to transit the place of the Moon at the birth of a celebrated Low Comedian, who will do well to accept the warning. About this time a new comedy will be produced at a *Matinée* at one of the principal London theatres.

*August.*—*Mars* and *Saturn* are now afflicting the horoscope of a well-known umbrella-manufacturer, causing great perplexity and trouble to certain Continental Powers, and some confusion in Camberwell and the vicinity. The warrior-angel of *Mars* may put in an appearance. Prussia feels the effects of the presence of *Uranus* in her ruling sign, but gains to some extent by the conjunction of *Jupiter* with *Mercury*; the funds will droop on the London Stock Exchange, and bad eggs will be hatched in great abundance. Foreign questions will be very difficult of solution.

*September.*—*Saturn* reaches the opposition of the place of the Lunar Eclipse of last May, and brings further trouble on the Shetland Islands. The Sea-Serpent will be heard of again, and several topics of great social interest will be discussed at some length in the correspondence-columns of the daily newspapers. Beyond this the voices of the Stars are silent for this month.

*October.*—As the benefic *Jupiter* is in the 1st decanate of the 7th house, and speeding through the sign of *Pisces* at the New Moon, we may anticipate earthquakes in Cappadocia, Paphlagonia and Primrose Hill. Persons who go out shooting during this month without previous experience of firearms, will bring home big bags, but are warned to act prudently and use a small size of shot.

*November.*—The numerous configurations of *Venus* in her conjunctions with *Mars* are the chief astrological features of this month, and fan the flame of fanaticism at Faversham, Freshwater, Folkestone, and Friesland. There will be street demonstrations on or about the 5th, to express abhorrence of an abominable act of treachery by a well-known public character. The ruling powers of several London Music-Halls will find it hard to weather the storm. There will be a serious strike among London Housebreakers, who will demand shorter hours of labour, freedom from police interference, and a larger share of the profits of their industry.

*December.*—The passage of *Uranus* from the sign *Aries* into *Capricornus* will, it is to be feared, keep the School Board very busy, and the total eclipse of the Sun at the moment of ruling the 10th House in quartile aspect with *Uranus*, *Saturn* being in the ascendant, may have an injurious effect upon many eminent pawnbrokers and ventriloquists. However, Old PUNCHKIEL does not wish to take too gloomy a view of the future, and trusts that he may have invested the message of the Stars with too serious a significance. This is really all he can possibly undertake to prophesy for the money.

## THE BOND STREET ART-ERY.

"CHANGE OF SCENE IS AS GOOD AS CHANGE OF AIR!" Therefore going to Dowdeswells' is as good as a trip to Monte Carlo—for they are always changing the scene at this Gallery. The latest change is "Some Places of Note in England," by BIRKET FOSTER, which includes about fifty drawings by this artist, in his best manner. If we had space we would write on this subject at length, but we have not; so, although this notice is about BIRKET FOSTER, we're forced to Burke it. Ha! ha! In addition to these, you will find a series of drawings in silver-point—full of grace and delicacy, by C. SAINTON, and a collection of clever pictures, by W. A. BREAKSPEARE, illustrative of TENNYSON's poems. He must be a clever artist who would splinter a lance with BREAKSPEARE. This artist should take for his motto, "Breakspearentia does it." Ha! ha!!"

[DECEMBER 28, 1889.]



MR. PUNCH'S NOTES FOR DECEMBER.

## PUNCH'S PRIZES.

WHAT a Christmas Return! How the hall-lights burn upon juvenile faces expectant and jolly, Whilst Materfamilias, bland and unbilious, stands, arms akimbo, beneath the green holly. And Paterfamilias *Punch* comes *crunch, crunch*, up the snow-cumbered steps with his dog and his gingham; The herald of Prizes of all sorts and sizes,—it taxed a capacious four-wheeler to bring 'em. The "Growler," you know, is out there in the snow, where the many-caped Cabby is stamping and puffing, And trying with care to sum up his big "fare," which, with so many parcels and packages stuffing. The stuffy inside, very carefully tied up in every description of brown-paper polygon, Claims calculation. The bairns' jubilation will last e'en when Yule-Tide is over, and holly gone, For only consider, each valorous bidder for Christmasy purchasers' liberal patronage, Caters, in sooth, for all stages of youth, mature manhood's fancy, and likings of matron age. Oh, the wild joys of Books, Pictures, and Toys! MARCUS WARD's many marvels, TOM SMITH's bon-bon Crackers, Dolly Dimple's fine Dresses, which every girl blesses, the parcels, so cheap, and the prizes,—"such whackers!" Of the English Toy Manufacturing Co. That reminds one of *Truth*'s mighty Toy Exhibition, With its vocal donkeys, and climbing monkeys, and dollies of every dress and description; O happy children of the new generation, to whom Toyland's wonders are familiar matters! What a world of pleasure when, o'er each rare treasure, the rich child triumphs or the poor child chatters! Now, Cabby, trundle up another bundle! Here be Games galore. Messrs. A. N. MYERS Send "Military Chess," which you lads will confess might tax Lord WOLSELEY and such high-flyers, Were they only boys again, and turned hands to toys again. Then WRIGHT & Company, who are far from wrong in it, Send a game called "Rings, or Table Archery," which you'll like, no doubt, when you find you're strong in it. But "Flitterhens" verily you will greet right merrily. It's a sort of a Drawing-Room Table Lawn Tennis, And though for children it is probably intended, it a capital game for grown women and men is. GOODALL's game, "Our Ship," take your *Punchy*'s tip, is well worth trying, whilst their stationery May be commended; and their "Savoy Calendar" with Gilbertian quotations is amusing, very. As to Books, there's a lot. Mr. DAVID STOTT sends the *Essays of Elia*, in compass tiny; But although compact, 'tis a pleasant fact that the type is clear, and the paper shiny. *The Grey River* (from SEELEY & Co.) is really an *édition de luxe*; therein many an etching. By MORTIMER MENPES makes Old Father Thames e'en at dirty Deptford extremely "fetching." DOUGHTY's *Friesland Meeres* (SAMSON LOW) appears an account of a Voyage in a Norfolk wherry.

Through the Netherlands, and one understands from its pleasant pictures that the trip was merry. W. W. LLOYD, who has been employed *On Active Service*, has given an account of it.

A Soldier's life suggests stir and strife, and the author seems to have seen "any amount of it."

CASSELL'S *Magazine of Art* plays a leading part in artistic matters, and deserves its popularity.

And—but there, friend Cabby, 'twould be almost shabby to keep you longer at this season of Charity.

Whilst I tell the tale, for which time would fail, of all the Books and the Toys of the Season.

Have a glass of toddy? Almost everybody will consider it harmless, if 'tis sipped in reason.

Now, boys and girls, as the white snow whirls, let us close the doors, and discuss at leisure

Each Yule-Tide treasure that your *Punchy* brings you, with paternal pleasure it were hard to measure!

## THE FICTION OF THE SEASON.

*Ancient and Modern.*

YESTERDAY'S GENIALITY. (1869.)

THE room was decorated with holly and mistletoe! The children danced, while their elders shouted with merriment! Neighbour greeted neighbour, and relative shook relative warmly by both hands! The spirit of the season was unlimited amiability! The portraits of the ancestors glowed in the ruddy flicker of the Yule log, and the ancient armour sparkled and shone in the soft light of scores of wax candles. Here was played a game of Blind Man's Buff, there a venerable dame told many a weird old legend to a throng of open-mouthed curly-headed listeners. Outside the Hall, the red-nosed carol-singers made night melodious with sweet songs of other days; while the bells in the church hard-by pealed out joyous strains in honour of the coming day. As midnight tolled away the last minutes of December 24, the master of the house, raising high a glass of steaming punch, drank the health of everyone, and wished them joy!

And thus was Christmas celebrated!

TO-DAY'S DYSPEPSIA. (1889.)

The room was empty, save where an unpaid bill marked the season of the year. The children had gone supperless to bed, and their elders were some weeping, others grinding their teeth with impotent rage. Neighbour out neighbour, and relative struck relative out of their respective wills. The spirit of the season was unlimited discontent. The portraits of the ancestors long ago sent for sale to Wardour Street remained neglected under a pile of miscellaneous lumber, and the ancient armour was in their close vicinity. Here was played the game of distress for rent, there an unpaid and venerable laundress told many an unpleasant story to a throng of idling, open-mouthed servants. Outside the house the blue-nosed roysterer fought it out with the policeman, making night hideous with his yells and imprecations; and the bells in the church hard-by appropriately tolled out the expiring moments of a day that had begun, continued, and ended in misery!

As midnight approached, and the 25th of December took the place of the 24th, the master of the house, who had been concocting a dose of subtle poison from the red and white berries of the holly and mistletoe, raised it to his lips, drank it, and expired!

And thus was Christmas celebrated!



**"SCENES OF OUR CHILDHOOD."**

'Tis the voice of the Clown, who's of course HARRY PAYNE,  
Who will come to the front with, "We're here once again!"



And welcome the Boxing Night crowd  
in the Lane.  
His services long may old Drury retain;  
But, if the good old "Comic Scenes" don't remain,  
The public and PAYNE will have cause to complain,  
For Pantomime's certainly not on the wane.  
The man who asserts it we'd reckon insane.  
Much madder by far than was Hamlet the Dane.  
We hope that in DRURIOLANUS's reign  
He'll give us much pleasure and still  
much more PAYNE;  
For we're not of those who think clowning insane,  
Good clowning we mean, and so we would feign  
See four "Comic Scenes" 'stead of two at the Lane.  
To public and manager 'twould be a gain,  
Tho' how, we are now at a loss to explain;  
For details and facts are so dry in the main,  
Like a pony that hasn't been out in the rain.  
Perhaps, a sly hint from the Lord Chamberlain,  
Or a wink or nod from Sir PONSONBY-FANE,  
And if the next Pantomime there should contain  
The scenes of our childhood which dormant have lain,  
We shall not have written this doggerel in vain.

**UNLIMITED WATER-LOO.***Bogus Place, E.C.*

SIR.—Having received a Circular from the Secretary of the "Waterloo Exhibition of Relics and Trophies" (a display which, taken with a Panorama, of the greatest possible interest to every True Briton, should form, as no doubt it will, a combination of unrivalled attractiveness) inviting contributions to the Collection, and with an eye to securing the Special Season Ticket promised to every Exhibitor, I have quickly rubbed up my historical associations, and have provided the Committee with the following "items," that, I think, you will admit ought to obtain ready acceptance.

1. An authentic likeness of the great Duke in the shape of a China Bed-room Candle Extinguisher, handsomely gilt, with eyebrows, whiskers, and cheeks picked out in appropriately striking and showy colouring.

2. Twenty pairs of Blucher, in very fair condition (secured from an East-End Bootmaker), supposed, one of them, to have been worn by the great Prussian General, possibly at the battle itself, and the others during the succeeding occupation of Paris.

3. Plan Model of the disposition of the contending forces at the representation of the battle on the stage of Astley's Theatre in 1837, when the British Army (including WELLINGTON and his Staff) numbered eight and one Comic Irishwoman, and the last charge of the French Imperial Guard was conducted by seven supers, exclusive of NAPOLEON himself and a Low Comedy Drum-Major.

4. Authentic account furnished by the executors of General PICTON (*who heard it himself*), of the celebrated return of NAPOLEON to MOLLY the Comic Irishwoman referred to above, when in reply to her styling his Imperial troops "a set of low Black-guards," he delivered himself of the memorable phrase, "Madame, the Guard never yields: it only retires."

5. Autographs and hitherto unpublished letters of both NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON. N.B. As (*this, of course, in strict confidence*) I furnish these entirely myself, it will be seen at once that they must prove quite an unprecedented novelty, and, therefore, an attraction, in any collection of the kind.

6. Relics of the great battle. Again N.B. (*in confidence*). I get these manufactured on the spot at Bruxelles, and as they are supplied to me by the dozen, you will see at once, what a valuable addition I can guarantee the Exhibition from this source alone.

7. Crumbs collected from the first Waterloo Banquet, preserved by the Grandson of a Water present on the occasion.

The above, Sir, are all the "items" that at the present moment occur to me, but I think you will confess that, if considered suitable attractions for their "Spacious Lounge" by Mr. Aeneas HARRIS and his co-directors, they will not fail to afford additional gratification to the general public, and in so doing will fittingly have earned a Special Season Ticket for the Exhibition of the Relics and Trophies of that glorious and never-to-be-forgotten victory of the British Army, Waterloo, for yours enterprisingly, ONE WHO WASN'T THERE.

**JOURNAL OF A ROLLING STONE.****THIRD ENTRY.**

On my homeward way reflect that if all trades fail, that of a Scholastic Agent might offer a modest competency. Has fate in store for me a partnership with FLEECEM—also with JINKS? Wonder vaguely if JINKS is a second FLEECEM, only more so. If FLEECEM is the show man of the establishment, what *must* JINKS be like?

As I am making an educational day of it, decide after lunch to call on one or two old College chums who, I know, have "adopted the Scholastic Profession," as the Governor says. It being their holidays, I may find them in Town—BLOGGINS among the number.

Old BLOGGINS, a thoroughly good sort, but rather an ass, I used to think, tells me he is making a clear five hundred a year at Sherborough, "without counting private pups, which is extra."

"Then you get no end of jolly rides over the downs," he goes on. Nice of BLOGGINS to say "you." Makes me feel as if I were already in the educational swim, and not a rank outsider. Better to be an out-rider (or rider out on the Sherborough Downs) than an out-sider! Fancy old BLOGGINS riding! Begin rather to wish I were in old BLOGGINS's shoes—or rather old BLOGGINS's saddle.

So far he has not mentioned the actual work of the profession.

"Do you like the business?" I ask.

"Rather! Boys jolly little cubs. Only I can't see them very well, I'm so short-sighted. Kept in the wrong boy for two hours one day—didn't find out mistake till afterwards," BLOGGINS chuckles.

"Work hard?" I inquire.

"Oh, tolerably," he replies, as if this were an unimportant consideration. "And there are such jolly long holidays!"

I leave BLOGGINS in contented (and selfish?) enjoyment of his five hundred, and go on to another friend, who has already blossomed into a keeper of a hostel (why "hostel"? *Query*—affected?), and educational swell at the ancient academy at Rugbow.

I put the usual leading questions.

"Jolly place, Rugbow," he replies. "No end of rook-shooting near. And fishing. Damp and cold? Oh no. Hard work? Well, you can make it hard, you know, if you like." Here he winks knowingly. "And the best of the trade is, *the holidays are so jolly long!*" *Mem.*—Most popular feature about work of "Scholastic Profession" (Governor again) seems to be the unrivaled opportunities given for *not* working at it.

Tell the Governor in the evening that "there seems no opening in the scholastic line." He replies that "that is no news to him, because" he adds, with unnecessary sarcasm, "by my account, the present is a close time in all the professions."

And this after I have tramped about all day and got nothing!

**THE LASS OF FASHION.**

A LADY Correspondent who wishes to write for a Society journal is good enough to ask us what style she should adopt. We can only counsel our fair friend to make as free a use as possible of the favourite words in the Society journalist's vocabulary—such as "function," "frocks," "bravery," "bloom," and, above all, "smart." "Smart" was formerly employed only by servant-girls in reference to their finery. But now the mistress and all her surroundings are "smart"—the people she visits, the people who visit her, all that is worn at an entertainment, and the entertainment itself. Of whatever lunch, dinner, ball, or general reception, our amiable interrogator may have to speak, let her always call it a "function." It must be a "smart" function, moreover, and must be attended by "smart" people. The Ladies present must not wear dresses, but "frocks," and they may be effectively described as appearing in "all the bravery" of silks and satins. If any of them carry bouquets, the flowers of which these bouquets are composed must be called "blooms." Our charming questioner must never say, in a direct manner, that Mrs. SMITH (for example) wore a blue gown; she must remark that Mrs. SMITH "looked well in blue." But, above all, let her, too, be "smart."



**AGENDA.**—The *Athenaeum* says, that a novel feature in the *Windsor Peerage* will be the omission of the ladies' ages. The book ought to be called the *Windsor Non-age*. A man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. Why does not some enterprising publisher bring out a volume illustrated with ladies' photographs, with particulars of their marriage portion, and call it the *Dot-age*. That would certainly come "as a boon and a blessing to men."

## ODE.

*On the Pleasure arising from Ginger-cake.*

SKYLARK, that dost the morning wake  
Up in the pearly heights of dawn,  
Or when its diadal splendours break  
In streaks of empyrean brawn,  
Be not so proud, thou canst not make,  
As CHLOE can, a ginger-cake.

O thou fleet-footed fawn,  
That through the glade dost lightly take  
Thy dappled way, and scarcely shake  
The dewdrops from the lawn,  
Be not so proud; thou canst not make,  
As CHLOE can, a ginger-cake.

O beefen herds of browning steak,  
That sweeten all the air around,  
Rich milk you give, and many a pound  
Of butter, fresh as primroses;  
You cannot make a ginger-cake  
As CHLOE can, with perfect ease.

O chantieeler, who flapp'at thy wings  
Before the watchful lark upsprings

And sound'at thy clarion, ere the flakes  
Of the on-rushing daylight's foam  
Whiten the fields where the stars roam,  
Thou ken'st of many mystic things  
But not a whit of ginger-cakes,  
Which golden-headed CHLOE makes.

O nightingale, that trill'at thy pearly note,  
While yet the Easter breezes coldly blow,  
Gargling with tender song thy strained throat  
Melting the moonless night with raptured

woe,  
And charming all the budded bower,  
Though all around thee is in flower,  
Yet cooking is, proud bird, beyond the  
warbler's power;

And CHLOE makes delicious cakes,  
Albeit, as yet, she hath not charmed a bower.

Not, Cake, from greedy love of thee,  
The bard is fain thy praise to sing,  
But that all Nature's minstrelsy,

All woodland craft of foot and wing  
All magic of the budding spring,  
All that most moves that inner love,  
Which thrills to tokens from above,  
Unite in this their praise to bring  
To amber-headed CHLOE's feet—

Like her, they pretty are or sweet.  
Like her, they make a world of joy  
When winter stings, or wasps annoy,  
In this on common ground they meet—

Yet, not transcending Nature's plan,  
They cannot make a ginger-cake,  
And CHLOE can.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *Allan's Wife, and Other Stories*, Mr. RIDER HAGGARD brings together his old puppets, *Hunter Quatermain*, *Sir Henry Curtis*, and *Captain Goode*, and the result is *Allan's Wife, and Other Stories*, of which the first one, which gives the title to the book, is far and away the best, being full of sensational effects and scenes of the wildest Ridest Haggard imagination. Capital book.

*Randolph Caldecott's Sketches*—Published by SAMSON Low & Co. Highly recommended by the faculty. Those who are interested in the black-and-white art, will find any amount of material for study in this collection, which has been carefully and lovingly made by Mr. HENRY BLACKBURNE, who has written a short but valuable introduction. Before CALDECOTT settled down to his own delightful style, he had imitated LEECH, DOYLE and GAVARNI. There is a scene before the Magistrate in a Police Court which might have been an early LEECH, when he was illustrating ALBERT SMITH'S works; the DOYLE-like outline etchings are evident at once. The



## AT SIR LOVELACE MASHINGTON'S, M.D., &amp;c., &amp;c.

*First Patient (in the hat).* "AND WHAT DID SIR LOVELACE SAY TO YOU, DEAR?"

*Second Ditto (in the bonnet).* "HE TOLD ME I REQUIRED VERY CAREFUL WATCHING, AND THAT HE MUST SEE ME THREE TIMES A WEEK FOR THE NEXT FEW MONTHS. AND YOU!"

*First P.* "OH, HE SAID THAT CHANGE OF CLIMATE WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY, AND THAT I MUST START FOR NEW ZEALAND AT ONCE."

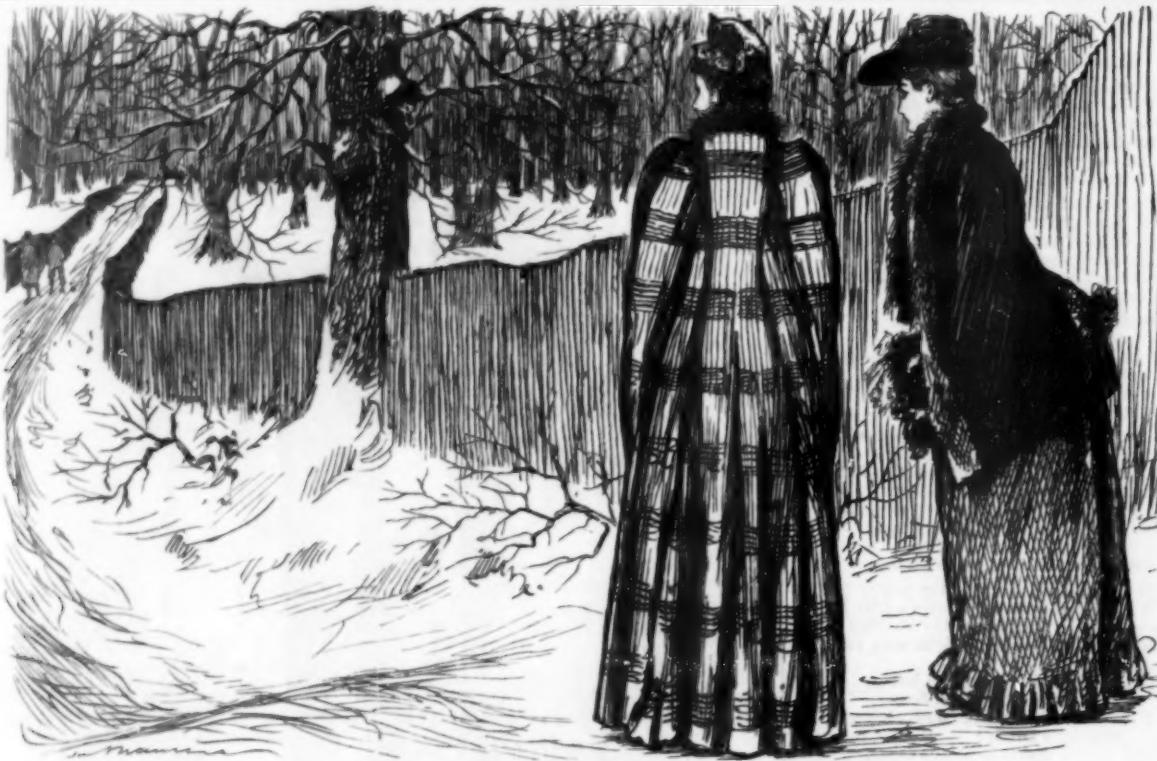
Scotchman in the sketch representing the types of the three nationalities might be from the pencil of GAVARNI, and even the influence of the comicalities of SEYMOUR and HOOD are recognisable. "Banking Days in Manchester" is distinctly LEECH. "My Show Day," might be the work of a French artist, and "Races on the High Road," reminds one forcibly of RICHARD DOYLE'S sketches abroad. There are very few purely and simply CALDECOTT, and among them are "The Three Huntsmen," and the poetic etching on the last page of all, placed appropriately and with touching reverence, on the last page of all that ends this gifted artist's short-lived history. Were the book four times its price, which is the modest sum of Two-and-Six, it would be worth the money. "Buy it," says the Baron.

*A London Plane Tree.* There is an indescribable sadness pervading this last volume of verses by the clever young author of *The Romance of a Shop* and *Reuben Sachs*. The author was evidently a Londoner, loving London as only a true Londoner can. On every page there is evidence of what admirable work AMY LEVY would have achieved; and in connection with her early death there is a touching realism about the very last line in the volume—"On me the cloud descends."

Anxiously do we wait for the appearance of MONTAGU WILLIAMS'S Reminiscences, which are to be ushered into the world by Messrs. MACMILLAN. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & CO.

P.S.—The Baron, who has to do a considerable amount of scribbling while journeying by road, by river, or by rail, has hitherto used the simple pencil, or a useful and invaluable patent one with long lasting lead. But lately he has been using the Fountain Pen, and, as long as it keeps itself in good order, there is no doubt of its superiority over any pencil, and general utility from the travelling scribe's point of view. The Baron doesn't feel justified in pronouncing the Fountain Pen absolutely perfect. But it is the best of its kind within his experience. What has to be invented is a small handy writing-pad, which can be firmly grasped in the left hand, and give sufficient margin for resting the right hand while writing in train or cab. "The Author's Paper-Pad" is near it, but not the thing. Something thicker is required, an inch or so less width, and with three times the quantity of sheets in each pad. At present, of this pad it may be said, "Pad's the best," and the Baron has found it remarkably useful.

THE CYNIC'S CHRISTMAS.—A holly mockery.



### THE WORST OF 'A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING!'

LAMPS. "OH, CHARLOTTE, HOW DREADFUL! THERE COMES YOUNG MR. MARSHALL, WALKING WITH YOUR HUSBAND! I'VE JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM HIM, ASKING ME TO BE HIS WIFE—AND I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND WHETHER TO ACCEPT HIM OR NOT!"

#### "GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS!"

(At Sea in His Own Bowl.)

*Mr. Punch.*

THE Wise Men of Gotham who sailed in a bowl,  
Were boobies beyond all compare;  
But, Good Father Christmas, you worthy old soul,  
What do you, friend, *dans cette galère*?  
The weather is stormy, the billows run high,  
The horizon looks bodingly black;  
Don't you think you had better, old bottle-nose, try  
And see if you cannot put back?

That bowl, for a jorum of Punch, is all right;  
But viewed as a bark, its security's slight.

*Father Christmas.*

You do not suppose, my sagacious old friend,  
That I'm tumbling out here from pure choice?  
'Tisn't pleasant, and goodness knows how it will end.  
But in it I'd hardly a voice.  
What's come to humanity, hanged if I know!  
They welcomed me warmly of old.  
Though I came as a rule in the season of snow,  
Faith, nought but the weather was cold.  
The Yule log burned briskly, all doors were set wide;  
Now—look at me, tossed up and down on this tide!

*Mr. Punch.*

Humph! Pride, Party Spirit, Political Strife, Social Prejudice, Greed and Class Hate,

Are making a pretty nice mess of our life,  
And playing the deuce with the State.  
But I didn't expect to see *you* in this swim,  
You popular, pleasant old boy!  
The sea's precious choppy, the distance looks dim,  
Your voyage you cannot enjoy.  
If they treat you like this, set adrift in a squall,  
It will serve them quite right if you don't come at all.

*Father Christmas.*

Oh, I shall be true to my task, and my time,  
But the Season of Peace and Goodwill  
To spoil in this way is a folly and crime.  
(Ste-a-dy, bowl! I begin to feel ill.)  
What with furious politicos, scandals, and strikes,

There seem general ructions all round;  
Whilst mortals are snarling like quarrelsome tykes,

What use for the Yule-bells to sound?  
Though their meaning of course is the same now as then:

'Tis Peace upon Earth and Goodwill unto Men!

*Mr. Punch.*

Peace?—with all the nations and classes at war!  
Goodwill?—in a world full of hate! [car Old friend, if your bowl were Bellona's own You couldn't look more out of date.  
Those long-billed white storm-birds that hover above

Are as friendly to you as mankind:  
The raven men seem to prefer to the dove,—  
O idiots angry and blind!

In spite of my wisdom, in spite of your cheer,  
Their folly and wrath cloud the close of the year.

*Father Christmas.*

Well, well, it is something to greet *you* again!  
I shan't give up hope, nor will you.  
There are one or two things to alleviate pain,  
Though the general outlook seems blue.

I hear Charity's voice o'er the roar of these waves,

Like the sound of the bell-buoy at night;  
The Love that inspires and the Labour that saves

Are not yet quite dead,—no, not quite.  
They don't treat me well, my dear *Punchy*, but still [will:  
My message to Man shall be Peace and Good-

#### FATHER CHRISTMAS SEEN FARTHER.

So the children of Stranraer, educated by the Local School Board, are not allowed to have a holiday on the 25th of December! At a meeting of six members of this learned body, the question was put to the test of a division, when three representatives voted one way and three the other. Then the Chairman gave his casting vote, with the result above recorded! Who would not like to know this genial person at home at this merry season of the fast expiring year? Fancy the holly and the mistletoe, and the mince-pies and the plum-pudding! Stay, though, as the social reformer is a Scotchman, he probably has an effectual substitute for the usual Yule-Tide characteristics (decorative and edible) in Thistles!



“GOOD OLD CHRISTMAS!”

(AT SEA IN HIS OWN BOWL.)

Documentos

1945

## STATESMEN AT HOME.

DCXL. THE LORD CHANCELLOR AT 4, ENNISMORE GARDENS, S.W.

As you walk eastward skirting Hyde Park, and are temporarily lost in admiration of that priceless canopied monument raised to the memory of the PRINCE CONSORT, you reflect upon the fitness of things that marks your mission. In undertaking the last chapter of the first series of Statesmen At Home (back numbers and complete volume to be had on application to the publisher), you congratulate yourself on the, you may perhaps say, skilful manner in which you have led up to the very pinnacle of human greatness. You have passed through various stages, and at length you reach the LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR. Beyond this, save you touch the skirt of Royalty, you can no further go. Your host of to-day is the First Judicial Officer of the Crown, the first Lay Person of the State after the Blood Royal. He is created neither by writ nor patent, but by the mere delivery of the Great Seal into his custody. In like manner the act of taking away the Seal by the Sovereign determines the office.

Presently, as you sit with your host on the miniature Woolsack cosily cornered by the over-hanging eaves of the baronial fireplace in the well-proportioned dining-room, he cites a well-known case which shows how convenient this peculiarity of his high office might on occasion be. In that manner so familiar in the Law Courts and in the High Court of Parliament—a medley of grace and humour with the lightest touch as of softest zephyr—he laughingly recalls an incident which befel on the very threshold of his parliamentary career. Returned Member for Launceston, after suffering from the strokes of envy at various other constituencies unsuccessfully wooed, he at last came up to the Table of the House of Commons to take the Oath. Asked in ordinary form to produce the return to the Writ, Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD (as your host then was), dived in the breast-pocket of his coat, expecting to find the document there. But he found it not, and, the cynosure of the eyes of a crowded House, conscious of stopping its proceedings, he hunted in every pocket for the missing and necessary document. After a scene of growing hilarity on the part of a reckless Opposition, it was found under the Bench where the newly elected Solicitor-General had been seated before being called to the table. You have heard a shrewd judge of current events state his opinion that the incident, trivial as it might appear, had a marked influence upon the future career of the even then not youthful Solicitor-General. It was felt that a man with such infinite miscellaneous resources in and about his garments, such an armoury of pocket-knives, such a collection of bits of string, such numerous handkerchiefs, such an infinitude of scraps of paper, would never at any crisis be found lacking. You are glad to mention this favourable comment.

"Ah!" says your host, an ingenuous blush mantling his countenance, "you are always too good to me, TOBY, dear boy. Still I think it is just as well that neither writ nor patent is required in the matter of the creation of Lord Chancellor. It would not have done for me to come up and not be able to find my patent when demanded."

The LORD CHANCELLOR's table is littered with letters and telegrams, Flemish buffets are tenanted by a collection of Dutch pottery, and through the folding doors you catch a glimpse of the picture gallery with its unique collection of predecessors in office. There is a mezzotint in remarkable preservation of ARFARTUS (sometimes called HEREFARTH), Chaplain to WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, and Bishop of ELMHAM, who was the first Lord Chancellor, having received, in 1067, the Seal which at this moment dangles from the watch-fob of your host. There is JOHN MORETON, Archbishop of Canterbury, temp. 1487, first of a succession of prelates, who also held the office of Lord Chancellor. The dark face of THOMAS MORE, first Lay Lord Chancellor, looks with softened expression on his illustrious successor of to-day. There, too, is FRANCIS BACON, EDWARD HYDE, Earl of CLarendon; Sir FRANCIS NORTH, Lord GUILDFORD; Lord JEFFRIES of sanguinary memory; SIMON, Lord HARcourt, forbear of a greater man who shines in the Victorian Age; GORDON and THURLOW, and ELDON and ERSKINE, LYNDHURST and BROUGHAM, CHELMSFORD and CAMPBELL—they all stand in line in the far-reaching gallery. As your host leads you adown the list you almost fancy that they do obeisance to a greater than any.

The *svelte* figure of your host is most familiar in the public eye in the performance of his functions as prosecutor of the House of Lords and President of the Highest Court of Appeal. No happy stranger who has witnessed from the Gallery of the House of Lords the stately tread of your host as he marches in procession to the Woolsack can ever forget it, nor does there fade the memory of his gracious presence when, the Woolsack reached, he flings himself upon its broad bosom, and looks as if he were about to tell their Lordships the story of his life. But these ceremonial duties form only a portion of the mighty power wielded by HARDINGE STANLEY GIFFARD, first Baron HALSBURY, Lord High Chancellor of England. The office having, as mentioned, been in early times filled by ecclesiastics, the Lord Chancellor became keeper of his Sovereign's conscience, and, by an odd coincidence, he concurrently exercises a general superintendence as Guardian over infants, idiots, and lunatics. He has the appointment of all Justices of the Peace in the Kingdom, is Visitor in the Sovereign's right of all Royal Foundations, and is patron of all Crown livings under the value of twenty marks.

"A great responsibility for a family man, TOBY, is this unlimited patronage. One always tries to do his best, but there are bickerings within and contumely without which modify the satisfaction with which one hears that a Crown living has fallen in, or that a desirable place in connection with the Courts of Justice is vacant."

Your host is still talking of the drawbacks of his high position, when the sight of his carriage reminds him that he is already due at the House of Lords. You thread your way through the wealth of furniture—the Empire Candelabra

in old bronze and ormolu, the enormous Georgian dish in repoussé work, the row of venerable matchlocks from the Kremlin, the copies of *Songs before Sunrise* in handmade paper, the Welsh dower-chests, the corner cupboards blackened with age, the Persian rugs now a little faded, and the Lisle posset pots—with difficulty avoiding contact.

"Very pleasantly crowded here," you say, by way of adieu.

"Yes," says your host. "I am, above all things, a family man, and whenever a place is vacant, I lose no time in filling it up to the best advantage."

[END OF SERIES I.]

## "HANSOM IS AS HANSOM DOES!"

*Notes of Exclamation by Our Mud-lark Contributor.*



## MIND HOW YOU SHOOT!

(*Mr. Punch's Friendly Tip to the Strikers.*)

"All of a row, Bend the bow,  
Shoot at the pigeon and kill—the crow!"  
So goes the old doggerel. Labour take heed!  
For a moral for you may be found in this screed.  
All of a row, you may freely combine,  
And bend Union's bow, and shoot all in a line.  
But, bowmen, beware lest you shoot in the dark  
Of impetuous passion, and hit the wrong mark.  
Combination is good; and, to better your lot  
A rational Strike may be called a "good shot."  
But to blaze out all round, or to shoot the wrong bird  
May prove to be something much worse than absurd.  
Against the Monopoly pigeon arrayed,

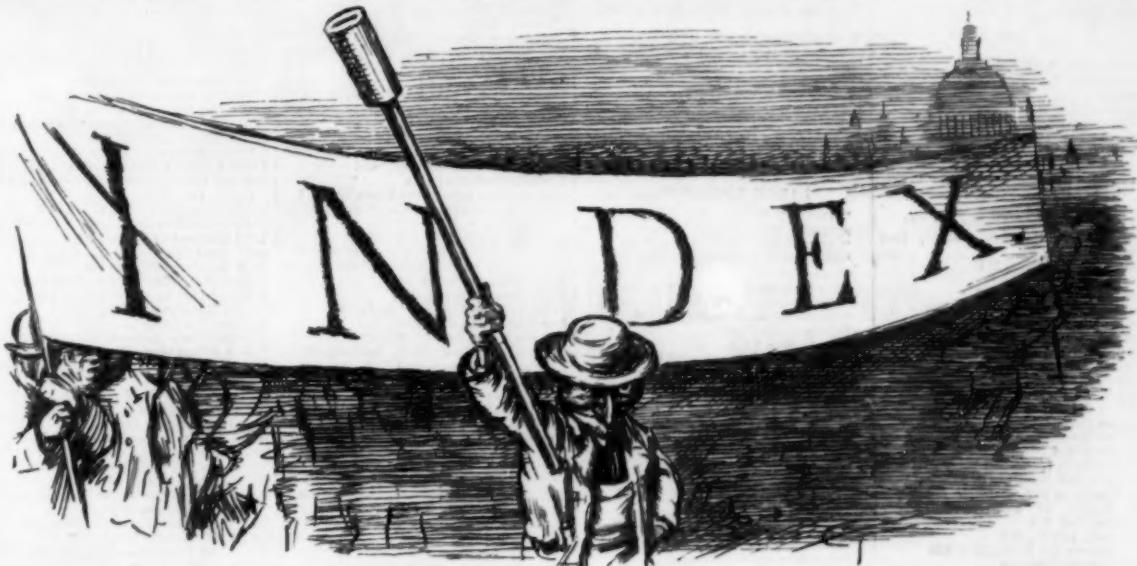
All of a row You may bend the bow,  
But mind you don't wing t'other bird.—*British Trade!*  
If to make wages high you sound Commerce bring low,  
You'll have "shot at the pigeon and killed the crow!"

ARTIN PASHA, commissioned by the Palace party at Constantinople to get rid of the Foreign Postal Department, has found the whole affair a very disartining business.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 13.

**NOTICE.**—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



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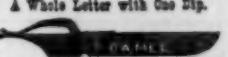
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Soap Makers  
by Appointment to H.R.H.  
The Prince of Wales.



91, Great Russell Street,  
LONDON, W.C.  
Manufactory : ISLEWORTH.

**P**EARNS' SOAP is sold everywhere, but INSIST on having PEARS' as vilely-injurious imitations are often substituted for extra gain, even by dealers who would be thought "respectable," some of whom attract the public into their shops or stores by marking PEARS' SOAP at less than cost price, and then recommend some rubbish on which they get a large profit.

MAY BE USED TO THE THINNESS OF A WAFER—NO WASTE.

THE THINNESS OF A WAFER—NO WASTE.

